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REVIEW.

ART. I.—Notes on Mexico, made in the autumn of 1822. Accompanied by an historical sketch of the Revolution, and Translations of Official Reports of the present state of that country.—With a Map. By a citizen of the United States. 1824. 8vo. pp. 359.

IN compliance with the promise, made at the commencement of our editorial labours, of making our readers acquainted with the actual condition and resources of the Republics of the South, we propose taking, at the present time, a cursory glance at the ancient empire of Anahuac, now known, under better auspices, by the simple title of the Republic of Mexico.—For this purpose we have availed ourselves of the present very interesting volume, which is well known to be the production of Mr. POINSETT, our enlightened Minister to that country. This gentleman, who unites to intellectual resources of no ordinary extent, peculiar talents and knowledge, fitting him for the responsible station with which the confidence of his government has entrusted him, made a journey through Mexico in 1822; and anticipating the peculiar interest which would be felt by the public in every thing relating to that renowned and late redeemed country, he consented to publish the result of his observations, withholding his name from the title, with a modesty that is truly rare in this scribomania age. The notes are written in the form of a diary, which enables the author to bring us more directly in contact with the persons and scenes he meets with, and, while it destroys, perhaps, the general effect, lends additional interest to the details of the work.

Before taking up the narrative of Mr. Poinsett, we cannot omit making a few general remarks, not entered into by our author.

Mexico, or New Spain, extends from 16° to 42° N. Lat., and from 86° 56' to 124° 30' W. Long., containing, according to Humboldt, 75,000 square leagues, and 6,800,000 inhabitants. It is bounded on the north and north-east by the United States; east, by the Gulf of Mexico;—south-east by Guatemala; south and west, by the Pacific Ocean. The land near the coasts is low, but as you recede from these it rises to the height of nearly eight thousand feet, and then spreads out into broad, level plains, for a distance of seventeen hundred miles. This mountain country is part of the Cordilleras, extending from the southern continent, and, occasionally, throws up a lofty peak; none of them equalling in height the southern ridges.

The climate varies with the situation of particular places. On the low grounds,

near the coast, it is warm and unhealthy, and productive of the worst forms of malignant fevers, or *comito pueto*. On the high lands, the climate is temperate, and at the elevation of four or five thousand feet, there reigns an eternal spring, and constant verdure. On ascending still higher, cold begins to be felt; and the summits of the loftier mountains are clothed with perpetual snow.

The productions of the country are enormous, and varied according to locality. Jalap, vanilla, indigo, and cochineal, were formerly the principal articles of exportation from this country. Coffee and tobacco have been added—maize grows extensively: and there is no doubt that the vine and the mulberry can be successfully cultivated. Tobacco, too, has become an article of export. According to Humboldt there are three thousand mines of the precious metals in Mexico. The tract producing the greatest quantity of silver is between the parallels of 21° and 24°. The annual produce of the mines of Mexico was estimated, before the revolution, at upwards of twenty millions in silver and one million in gold. Iron, lead, and quicksilver are also found in this wide country. The product of all the mines will undoubtedly be considerably increased, when a free government shall once have it in its power to encourage the efforts of individual industry, and invite the competition of enterprise.

Such is this extraordinary country.—Three hundred years have scarcely elapsed since the adventurous Cortes, with a handful of men, made an almost miraculous conquest of a rich, ancient, and powerful empire, the relation of which, even to this day, appears, in the hands of Robertson at least, a tale of fiction, not a narrative of real occurrences. Subjected at once to the tyrannous sway of a superstitious and selfish government, this fine country lay, comparatively, neglected, until the spirit of freedom, kindling the bosom of its long oppressed inhabitants, awakened them to a sense of their rights, and a due appreciation of its almost inexhaustible resources. Its revolution has at length been effected, after much bloodshed, and a variety of obstacles, internal and external. At all times its history has been remarkable, from the invasion of Cortes to the execution of Iturbide. This last act, whether the result of a general and settled policy, and a confidence in the inherent love of liberty of the Mexicans, or merely the hasty execution of a few dauntless and devoted spirits, has not failed to produce the most marked and beneficial effects. It has struck awe into the bosoms of aspiring men in the southern republics, and of the trembling tyrants

who still possess their thrones in Europe. The word has gone forth, and none dare oppose the mandate—*America must and shall be free!*

We now come to Mr. Poinsett's interesting diary, and shall offer a few extracts illustrative of the condition and manners of the Mexican people, as they appeared to our excellent traveller.

He first lands at Vera Cruz:

"In the morning we landed at the Mole, amidst a crowd of idle spectators, and after entering the gates, for the city is partially fortified, we walked along a clean, well-paved street, and on side walks of madrepora, to the square, which is flanked on one side by the town house, on another by a church, and on the third by a row of shops under stone arcades; the fourth is open. A few doors from this square brought us to the house of the American Vice Consul, who received us politely and kindly. Bred to the law, and a merchant, I found this Creole very intelligent and communicative. He readily undertook to procure me a conveyance to Jalapa, and promised that I should set out without delay. I was very much pleased with his house, which, like all those I saw, is well adapted for a warm climate. Thick stone walls exclude the heat, and the court yards (for each house is a hollow square) are constantly shaded, and give an air of coolness to the interior.—The apartments are large, with lofty ceilings and communicating doors; all the houses are two stories high, with flat terrace roofs."

"From the governor's we lounged about the town. It is compactly and very well built, and so extremely neat and clean, that from an examination of the interior only of Vera Cruz, it would be difficult to account for the causes of the pestilential diseases for which it is unfortunately celebrated.

"The city is surrounded by sand hills, and ponds of stagnant water, which, within the tropics, is cause sufficient to originate the black vomit and bilious fever.—The inhabitants, and those accustomed to the climate, are not subject to the former disease; but all strangers, even those from Havana and the West India Islands, are liable to this infection. No precautions can prevent strangers from this fatal disorder, and many have died in Jalapa who only passed through the city.

"Humboldt mentions instances of persons who left the ship immediately on their arrival, stepped out of the boat that conveyed them on shore, into a litter, and were carried rapidly to Jalapa, having been attacked by yellow fever, and having died with black vomit. The Spanish physicians regard this as the place where

this disorder originated, and pretend to trace the yellow fever of Havana, of the West India Islands, the United States, and Spain, to Vera Cruz. Notwithstanding the cleanly appearance of the streets, I observed buzzards, and other species of vulture, hovering over the town, and perched on the house tops; a sure indication of corruption and animal putrefaction."

He starts from Vera Cruz for the City of Mexico, and encounters many hardships on the road.

Jalapa is a principal town, and yet the following is the reception our traveller meets with:

"We drove to the principal inn, near the market place, but when we examined the apartments that were vacant, we found them so extremely small, dirty, and badly ventilated, that we left it, and sought other lodgings. After two or three ineffectual applications, we settled ourselves at the *Sociedad Grande*, where rooms only are let to travellers, who must seek their *provan* elsewhere. We were conducted to this house by an officer sent by the captain-general to show us his quarters. The exterior promised very well, but the rooms were so dirty, that the man who cleaned them out for us used a shovel before he plied his broom. By dint of bribing we procured two chairs and a table, and borrowed two camp-stretchers at the next *posada*. Having provided ourselves with these luxuries, and made a hasty toilet, we set forth to visit the captain-general, Eschavarri. I was much pleased with the manner of our reception. It was frank and cordial, without any of the unmeaning professions so generally used by the Spaniards. When we were about to take leave, he told us, that although his table was not that of an epicure, we would find it better than the fare of our *posada*, and begged us to stay and dine with him. We accepted his hospitality as freely as it was offered. He was lodged opposite to the convent of San Francisco, built by Cortes, with all the strength and solidity of a fortress, as are most of the churches and convents which were constructed at that period. We walked over to the convent, where we remained until called to dinner, enjoying the view so faithfully described by Baron Humboldt.

"From the convent of San Francisco we enjoy a view of the colossal summits of the Coffre of Perote, and pic d'Orizaba, of the declivity of the Cordillera towards Encero, of the river L'Antigua, and even of the ocean."

"In speaking of the environs of this town, he says—The thick fortress of Styrax, Piper, Melastomata, and ferns, lofty as trees; especially those which are on the road from Paiha, San Andres, the banks of the small lake of Los Barrios, and the heights leading to the village of Huastepec, offer the most delightful promenades."

"Jalapa is situated at the foot of the basaltic mountain Macultepec. The hills

in its vicinity are bold and picturesque; the valley is of the deepest verdure, and we could distinguish the arborescent ferns in the low, shady grounds, rising to the height of palm trees; and the view embraced the Coffre of Perote, the Cordillera that shut in the valley, and the peak of Orizaba, that beautiful and lofty cone, covered with perpetual snow of resplendent whiteness."

While here he visits the ladies at one of their *tertulia's*, or evening parties.

"One of the officers invited us to go to a *tertulia*, to which we readily assented. We were conducted to a house where we found a few ladies assembled, who played on the guitar and sang agreeably. I was surprised to see no gentlemen in the room, but was not kept long in suspense as to the reason of the division in the party.—After a whispering conversation between the officer and the lady of the house, she ordered the servant to show us into another apartment. We were conducted with some mystery through a court yard, and up a narrow passage, into a small card-room, that looked like a cavern, where we found a numerous assembly of men, gambling deeply, at a game called *monte*. As you know I never touch a card, I cannot describe the manner in which a great deal of money was won and lost. There is no exhibition of the human passions that disgusts me so thoroughly, and I very soon retired to scribble my journal."

He quits Jalapa, and meets with the following delightful scenery:

"At one, we reached a small village called La Cruz de la Cuesta, having passed so far through a fine country. Here we changed mules; not that there are relays of horses or mules on the road, but we drive along with us two spare mules for the litter, which is very heavy. From this place to the village of Hoja, the ascent is exceedingly steep, and the view most beautiful; so diversified, luxuriant, and romantic, that I shall exhaust all my picturesque phrases, and then fail to give you an idea of the beauties of the valley below us, cultivated in all the tropical fruits, and studded with a number of small conical hills, wooded to their summits.—On the opposite side, the valley is shut in by a lofty and perpendicular wall of bare rock, from the edge of which, and along the summit, extends a vast plain, cultivated in wheat and barley, and all the fruits of Europe. On the plain, and near the edge of the mountain, stands the town of Maulinjo, with its white walls and spires glittering in the sun—and the river that flows along the plain at the summit passes near the town, and falls dashing and sparkling over the precipice into the valley beneath. The whole is seen distinctly, but is sufficiently distant to be taken into one view. I wished you with me to enjoy so glorious a sight; but then you must have run the risk of yellow fever, and been tormented by the xixen and moschetto before you got here: so I ceased wishing for you. By the way we are relieved from those tormenting insects—

we parted with them below Encero: they accompany pestilence and disease, and fly from the healthy mountains."

At Puebla there is a fine cathedral, for the description of which we have not room. We shall content ourselves with a description of the place.

"The streets of Puebla are not very wide, but are well paved, and have sidewalks of broad flag-stones. The houses are generally two stories high, and are built of stone; the fronts of some are inlaid with painted tiles, highly glazed, like the Dutch tile, and others are gaudily and fantastically painted. The bishop's palace is covered over in this way with red tiles. There is a tolerable library, and a very good collection of pictures in this place.

"This is said to be one of the very few cities, if not the only one in Mexico, located by the Spaniards. All the others are situated upon the ruins of some city that existed at the time of the conquest. The site does credit both to their taste and judgment. It is built on the south side of a hill that is wooded to its summit. The plain that surrounds it is cultivated in wheat, barley, and Indian corn, and all the fruits of Europe, and is highly productive. This plain is bounded by a chain of hills, presenting, alternately, cultivated fields and luxuriant forests, and the view is terminated by the volcanoes of Puebla, clothed in perpetual snows.—The city is compactly and uniformly built. The houses are all stone; large and commodious: not one is to be seen that denotes the abode of poverty, yet we met more miserable squalid beings, clothed in rags, and exposing their deformities and diseases, to excite compassion, than I have seen elsewhere. Among the principal causes to which this great and growing evil is to be ascribed, are a mild climate and a fertile soil, yielding abundantly to moderate exertions. In countries like these, the people rarely possess habits of industry. They are accustomed to work only so much as is essentially necessary to support life, and to live from hand to mouth. If they meet with any accident, if they lose a limb, or are wasted by disease, they enter the towns and subsist by charity. This is peculiarly the case here, as this town especially abounds in convents. We counted more than one hundred spires and domes in this city.—Each of these institutions supports a certain number of poor, who receive a daily allowance of provisions at the convent door, without prejudice to the sums they pick up by soliciting alms in the street."

"Humboldt estimates the population of this city at 67,800; but the Intendant told us, that by a census taken in 1820, it was found to amount only to 60,000. In the village of Atlixco, near this place, there is a cypress tree (*cupressus disticha*) seventy-three French feet in circumference, and the interior of the trunk, which is hollow, measures full fifteen feet in diameter."

ART. II.—Occasional Pieces of Poetry. By JOHN G. L. BRAINARD. New-York. Printed for E. Bliss and E. White. 1825.

THIS is a neatly printed little volume, of 111 pages, containing fifty poetical pieces of very unequal merit, and in different styles of composition. The author premises "an honest acknowledgment, if it is a poor excuse," that the hope of making a little something by the publication, was among the chief motives for its appearance. This is candid, and we can perceive no reason why the labours of the brain should not be rewarded, whether employed in building rhyme, in the speculations of trade, in the balance of eggs upon straws, or any other money-seeking occupation. Scott, Byron, and Moore have been cited as sordid minstrels by those sentimental readers who hold it possible for poets to live "upon suction;" but we are so worldly as to believe that the best inspiration is derived, now-a-days, from a full pocket. One instance that the most eminent genius, feeling, and taste, are wholly compatible with the pursuits of commerce, will readily occur to all who have been delighted with the exquisite lines written at Alnwick castle, and the ode to Bozzaris. The first piece in rank, as well as number, before us, is entitled

"THE FALL OF NIAGARA."

"The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,

While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God pour'd thee from his 'hollow hand,'
And hung his bow upon thine awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seem'd to him

Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
'The sound of many waters;' and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks;

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
And yet, bold babblers, what art thou to Him,
Who drown'd a world, and heap'd the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

These lines are written in that contemplative spirit which recalls the best manner of Montgomery, and it is the vein that Mr. Brainard should cultivate, instead of the rattling, hop, skip, and jump fashion, which betrays "The New Bath Guide," in the verses denominated *Presidential Cotillion*, *Scire Facias*, et id genus omne. To waste powers capable of productions in this volume that would do credit to any writer, upon such kickshaws of fancy and gim-cracks of metre as are associated, in the same pages, evinces a perversion of abilities that calls for rebuke and amendment. What reason soever may have operated upon the mind of Mr. Brainard, it is an error to suppose that any reader whose approbation is worth having, can be interested in effusions "To a thing

tied round a finger, The Tree Toad, or Jack Frost and the Caty-did." There are some boundless subjects which the painter should never attempt to portray, because no resemblance can satisfy the imagination; and there are topics of insignificance that can acquire dignity, or become pleasing in the hands of no poet. The choice of a theme becomes as important to the master of the lyre, as the strains that he elicits; and a mistake in the selection almost ensures the failure of his efforts. But we intend to judge this volume by the greatness of its beauties, not by the fewness of its faults; and it is with gratification we particularize the *Epithalamium*, the lines *On a late loss*, the *Lament for Long Tom*, the affecting stanzas *On the death of Mr. Woodward*, *Jerusalem*, and *The Indian Summer*, as deserving warm commendation.

"THE INDIAN SUMMER."

"What is there sadd'ning in the Autumn leaves?
Have they that 'green and yellow melancholy'
That the sweet poet spake of?—Had he seen
Our variegated woods, when first the frost
Turns into beauty all October's charms—
When the dread fever quits us—when the storms
Of the wild Equinox, with all its wet,
Has left the land, as the first deluge left it,
With a bright bow of many colours hung
Upon the forest tops—he had not sigh'd.

The moon stays longest for the hunter now:
The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe
And busy squirrel hoards his winter store;
While man enjoys the breeze that sweeps along
The bright blue sky above him, and that bends
Magnificently all the forest's pride,
Or whispers through the evergreens, and asks,
"What is there sadd'ning in the Autumn leaves?"

In that description of humour, of which the original may be found in "The Splendid Shilling" of Phillips, our author is quite successful. But the pleasure of perusing such trifles is diminished by every addition to their number, and their structure becomes manifest and mechanical. The following extract would have amply sufficed for the credit of the volume:—

"AES ALIENUM."

"Hispania! oh, Hispania! once my home—
How hath thy fall degraded every son
Who owns thee for a birth-place. They who
walk

Thy marbled courts and holy sanctuaries,
Or tread thy olive groves, and pluck the grapes
That cluster there—or dance the saraband
By moonlight, to some Moorish melody—
Or whistle with the Muleteer, along
Thy goat-climb'd rocks and awful precipices;
How do the nations scorn them and deride!
And they who wander where a Spanish tongue
Was never heard, and where a Spanish heart
Had never beat before, how poor, how shunn'd,
Avoided, undervalued, and debased,
Move they among the foreign multitudes!
Once I was bright to the world's eye, and pass'd
Among the nobles of my native land
In Spain's armorial bearings, deck'd and stamp'd
With Royalty's insignia, and I claimed

And took the station of my high descent;
But the cold world has cut a cantle out
From my escutcheon—and now here I am,
A poor, depreciated pistareen.*"

We dismiss these remarks with the hope that we shall soon hear again from Mr. Brainard. Let him only remember that *quality* instead of *quantity* should predominate among the flowers of Parnassus, and that one diamond outvalues all the sands of the shore; let him choose rather to rely for his laurels, like Gray, on a few efforts of decided excellence, than to exhibit the versatility of his muse, and he will have nothing to fear from the critics, or the opinion of the public.

ART. II.—History of the Expedition to Russia, undertaken by the Emperor Napoleon, in the year 1812. By General Count PHILIP DE SEIGUR. With a Map. (Continued.)

In continuation of our extracts from this interesting work, we shall make a few only, previous to Napoleon's entry into Moscow; and in our next conclude, by giving a description of that great event.

"The Emperor Alexander, surprised at Wilna amidst his preparations for defence, fled with his disunited army, which he was unable to rally till at the distance of a hundred leagues from that city, between Witepsk and Smolensk. That prince, hurried along in the precipitate retreat of Barclay, sought refuge at Drissa, in a camp injudiciously chosen and entrenched at great expense, of such length and so narrow that it served only to indicate to the enemy the intention of his manoeuvres.

"Alexander, however, encouraged by the sight of this camp and of the Duna, had taken breath behind that river. It was there that he first consented to receive an English agent, so important did he deem it to appear, till that moment, faithful to his engagements with France. Whether he acted with real good faith, or merely made a show of doing so, we know not: so much is certain, that at Paris, after his success, he affirmed, on his honour, to Count Daru, that, "notwithstanding the accusations of Napoleon, this was his first infraction of the treaty of Tilsit."

"At the same time he caused Barclay to issue addresses, designed to corrupt the French and their allies, similar to those which had so irritated Napoleon at Klubokoe; attempts which the French regarded as contemptible, and the Germans as unseasonable.

"In other respects, the emperor had given his enemies but a mean opinion of his military talents: this opinion was founded on his having neglected the Beresina, the only natural line of defence of Lithuania; on his eccentric retreat towards the north, when the relics of his army were fleeing southward; and lastly on his ukase relative to recruiting, dated Drissa, which assigned to the recruits for their rendezvous several towns that were

* This coin passed at the time for but eighteen cents.

almost immediately occupied by the French. His departure from the army, as soon as it began to fight, was also a subject of remark.

"As to his political measures in his new and in his old provinces, and his proclamations from Polotzk to his army, to Moscow, to his great nation, it was admitted that they were singularly adapted to persons and places. It appears, in fact, that in the political means which he employed there was a very striking gradation of energy.

"In the recently-acquired portion of Lithuania, houses, inhabitants, crops, in short every thing, had been spared either from hurry or designedly. The most powerful of the nobles had alone been carried off; their defection might have set too dangerous an example, and had they still further committed themselves, their return in the sequel would have been more difficult; besides, they were hostages.

"In the provinces of Lithuania which had been of old incorporated with the empire, where a mild administration, favours judiciously bestowed, and a longer habit of subjection, had extinguished the recollection of independence, the men were hurried away with all that they could carry off. Still it was not deemed expedient to require of a different religion and a nascent patriotism the destruction of property: a levy of five men only out of every five hundred males was ordered.

"But in old Russia, where religion, superstition, ignorance, patriotism, all went hand in hand with the government, not only had the inhabitants been obliged to retreat with the army, but every thing that could not be removed had been destroyed. Those who were not destined to recruit the regulars, joined the militia or the cossacks.

"The interior of the empire being then threatened, it was for Moscow to set an example. That capital, justly denominated by its poets, "*Moscow with gilded cupolas*," was a vast and motley assemblage of two hundred and ninety-five churches, and fifteen hundred mansions, their gardens and dependencies. These palaces of brick, and their parks, intermixed with neat houses of wood, and even thatched cottages, were spread over several square leagues of irregular ground: they were grouped round a lofty, triangular fortress; the vast double inclosure of which, half a league in circuit, contained, the one, several palaces, some churches, and rocky and uncultivated spots; the other, a prodigious bazaar, the town of the merchants and shopkeepers, where was displayed the collected wealth of the four quarters of the globe.

"These edifices, these palaces, nay, the very shops themselves, were all covered with polished and painted iron: the churches, each surmounted by a terrace and several steeples, terminating in golden balls, then the crescent, and lastly the cross, reminded the spectator of the history of this nation: it was Asia and its religion, at first victorious, subsequently

vanquished, and finally the crescent of Mahomet subjected by the cross of Christ.

"A single ray of sunshine caused this splendid city to glisten with a thousand varied colours. At sight of it the traveller paused, delighted and astonished. It reminded him of the prodigies with which the oriental poets had amused his childhood. On entering it, a nearer view served but to heighten his astonishment: he recognized the nobles, by the manners, the habits, and the different languages of modern Europe; and by the rich and light elegance of their dress. He beheld, with surprise, the luxury and the Asiatic form of those of the tradesmen; the Grecian costumes of the common people, and their long beards. He was struck by the same variety in the edifices: and yet all this was tinged with a local and sometimes harsh colour, such as befits the country of which Moscow was the ancient capital.

"When, lastly, he observed the grandeur and magnificence of so many palaces, the wealth which they displayed, the luxury of the equipages, the multitude of slaves and servants, the splendour of those gorgeous spectacles, the noise of those sumptuous festivities, entertainments, and rejoicings, which incessantly resounded within its walls, he fancied himself transported into a city of kings, into an assemblage of sovereigns, who had brought with them their manners, customs, and attendants from all parts of the world.

"They were, nevertheless, only subjects; but opulent and powerful subjects: grandees, vain of their ancient nobility, strong in their collected numbers, and in the general ties of consanguinity contracted during the seven centuries which that capital had existed. They were landed proprietors, proud of their existence amidst their vast possessions; for almost the whole territory of the government of Moscow belongs to them, and they there reign over a million of serfs. Finally, they were nobles resting, with a patriotic and religious pride, upon "the cradle and the tomb of their nobility"—for such is the appellation which they give to Moscow."

"It seems right, in fact, that here the nobles of the most illustrious families should be born and educated; that hence they should launch into the career of honours and glory; and lastly, that hither, when satisfied, discontented, or undeceived, they should bring their disgust or their resentment to pour it forth; their reputation in order to enjoy it, to exercise its influence on the young nobility; and to recruit at a distance from power, of which they have nothing farther to expect, their pride, which has been too long bowed down near the throne.

"Here, their ambition, either satiated or disappointed, has assumed, amidst their own dependents, and as it were beyond the reach of the court, a greater freedom of speech: it is a sort of privilege which time has sanctioned, of which they are

tenacious, and which their sovereign respects. They become worse courtiers, but better citizens. Hence the dislike of their princes to visit this vast repository of glory and commerce, this city of nobles whom they have disgraced or disgusted, whose age or reputation places them beyond their power, and to whom they are obliged to show indulgence.

"To this city necessity brought Alexander: he repaired thither from Polotzk, preceded by his proclamations, and looked for by the nobility and the mercantile class. His first appearance was amidst the assembled nobility. There every thing was great—the circumstance, the assembly, the speaker, and the resolutions which he inspired. His voice betrayed emotion. No sooner had he ceased, than one general, simultaneous, unanimous cry burst from all hearts:—"Ask what you please, sire! we offer you every thing!—take our all!"

"One of the nobles then proposed the levy of a militia; and, in order to its formation, the gift of one peasant in twenty-five—but a hundred voices interrupted him, crying, that "the country required a greater sacrifice; that it was necessary to grant one serf in ten, ready armed, equipped, and supplied with provisions for three months." This was offering, for the single government of Moscow, eighty thousand men, and a great quantity of stores.

"This sacrifice was immediately voted, without deliberation—some say with enthusiasm, and that it was executed in like manner, so long as the danger was at hand. Others have attributed the concurrence of this assembly in so urgent a proposition, to submission alone—a sentiment indeed, which in the presence of absolute power, absorbs every other.

"They add, that, on the breaking up of the meeting, the principal nobles were heard to murmur among themselves against the extravagance of such a measure. "Was the danger then so pressing? Was there not the Russian army, which, as they were told, still numbered four hundred thousand men, to defend them? Why then deprive them of so many peasants? The service of these men would be, it was said, only temporary; but who could ever wish for their return? It was, on the contrary, an event to be dreaded. Would these serfs, habituated to the irregularities of war, bring back their former submission? Undoubtedly not. They would return full of new sentiments and new ideas, with which they would infect the villages; they would there propagate a refractory spirit, which would give infinite trouble to master, by spoiling the slave."

"Be this as it may, the resolution of that meeting was generous, and worthy of so great a nation. The details are of little consequence. We well know what it is every where; that every thing in the world loses when seen too near; and lastly, that nations ought to be judged by the general mass, and by results."

SELECTIONS.

POETRY.

POETRY is a creation. It is a thing created by the mind, and not merely copied either from nature, or facts in any shape. Next to this general, but most correct and significant definition, if it can be so called, perhaps the best explanation is that given by Lord Bacon, where he says, that 'poetry doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind;' though here, as in all the rest of the discussion, we should ever bear in mind that poetry, after all, is the effect, and not the cause. It does not properly alter 'the shows of things,' but transcribes from the imagination the new form that results from the alteration. Its after effect upon the reader is produced by this transcript, and he sees merely the new poetic creation, and receives its effects. Poetry, then, is to be understood as a thing 'different from prose,' which is its antithesis; that is to say, it is always something different from the literal prosaic fact, such as we contemplate it with the eye of sense or reason. However it may be true in itself, (and it ought to be true,) as a compound image or signification of consistent ideas, it must not be in all respects literally true. The materials of poetry, as we have said, are to be found in nature or art, but not poetry itself; for, if poetry were strewn before us like flowers, or if it irradiated the heavens like sunshine or the stars, we should have nothing to do but to copy it as exactly as we could; and it would then be a 'mimetic' art only, and not a 'creation.' Prose, according to our conception of it, is in substance the presentment of single and separate ideas, arranged for purposes of reasoning, instruction, or persuasion. It is the organ or vehicle of reason, and deals accordingly in realities, and spreads itself out in analysis and deduction—combining and disposing words, as figures are used by arithmeticians, to explain, or prove, or to produce some particular effect from established premises. It acts upon foregone conclusions, or tends by regular gradations to a manifest object; and in proportion as it fails in these, it is clouded or imperfect. Poetry, on the other hand, is essentially complicated. It is produced by various powers common to most persons, but more especially by those which are almost peculiar to the poet, viz. *Fancy*, and the crowning spirit—*Imagination*! This last is the first moving or creative principle of the mind, which fashions, out of materials previously existing, new conceptions and original truths, not absolutely justifiable by the ordinary rules of logic, but quite intelligible to the mind

when duly elevated—intelligible through our sympathies, our sensibility,—like light or the balmy air, although not sufficiently definite or settled into form to stand the cold calculating survey of our reason. It is not so much, however, that imagination sees things differently from reason, as that it uses them differently; the one dealing with single ideas, and observing, if we may so speak, the naked reality of things; the other combining and reproducing them as they never appear in nature. Nevertheless, poetry, though creative in its principle, comprehends not so much what is impossible, as what is at present unknown; and hence, perhaps, may be urged the claim of its followers to the title of 'Vates.' It is the harmony of the mind, in short, which embraces and reconciles its seeming discords. It looks not only at the husk and outward show of things, but contemplates them in their principles, and through their secret relations. It is brief and suggestive, rather than explicit and argumentative. Its words are like the breath of an oracle, which it is the business of the prose-writer to expound.

Imagination differs from *Fancy*, inasmuch as it does by a single glance what the latter effects by deliberate comparison. Generally speaking, imagination deals with the passions and the higher mood of the mind. It is the fiercer and more potent spirit; and the images are flung out of its burning grasp, as it were, molten,* and massed together. It is a complex power, including those faculties which are called by metaphysicians—Conception, Abstraction, and Judgment. It is the genius of personification. It concentrates the many into the one, colouring and investing its own complex creation with the attributes of all. It multiplies, and divides, and remodels, always changing in one respect or other the literal fact, and always enriching it, when properly exerted. It merges ordinary nature and literal truth in the atmosphere which it exhales, till they come forth like the illuminations of sunset, which were nothing but clouds before. It acts upon all things drawn within its range; sometimes in the creation of character (as in *Satan* and *Ariel*, &c.) and sometimes in figures of speech and common expression. It is different in different people; in Shakespeare, bright and rapid as the lightning, fusing things by its power; in Milton, awful as collected thunder. It peoples the elements with fantastic forms, and fills the earth with unearthly heroism, intellect, and beauty. It is the parent of all those passionate creations which Shakespeare has bequeathed to us. It is the

origin of that terrible generation of Milton,—Sin, and shadowy Death, Rumour, and Discord with its thousand tongues, Night and Chaos, 'ancestors of Nature,' down to all those who lie

'Under the boiling ocean, wrapt in chains'—

of all phantasies born beneath the moon, and all the miracles of dreams. It is an intense and burning power, and comes

'Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage'—

(which line is itself a magnificent instance of imagination)—and is indeed a concentration of the intellect, gathering together its wandering faculties, and bursting forth in a flood of thought, till the apprehension is staggered which pursues it. The exertion of this faculty is apparent in every page of our two great poets: from

'The shout that tore Hell's concave,'

to the 'care' that 'sate on the faded cheek' of Satan; from the 'wounds of Thammuz' which 'allured'

'The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,'

to those

'Thoughts that wander through eternity;'

from the 'curses' of Lear upon his daughter, which

'Stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,'

to Hamlet

'Benetted round with villanies,'

and thousands of others which meet us at every opening of the leaves.

Fancy, on the other hand, is generally (but not always) glittering and cold—the preparatory machinery of poetry, without its passion; sporting with sights which catch the eye only, and sounds which play but on the ear. It proceeds upon a principle of assimilation, and irradiates an idea with similes; but it leaves the original thought untouched, and merely surrounds it with things which ornament, without either hiding or changing it. *Fancy* seems like an *after thought*, springing out of the original idea: but the *Imagination* is born with it, coequal, inextricable, like the colour and the shape of a flower. *Imagination*, indeed, is as it were a condensation of *Fancy*; acting directly on the idea, and investing it with qualities to which it is the business of *Fancy* to compare it. The loftiest instances of the last-mentioned faculty are perhaps in Milton, as, where he describes 'the populous North,' when her 'barbarous sons'

'Came—like a deluge on the South!'

or where he speaks of the archangel Satan, saying that

'He stood—like a tower!'

Here, although 'the populous North' itself is imaginative, and the conception of Satan a grand fiction of the imagination, the likenesses ascribed to each are the work of *Fancy*. In both these cases, however, she soars almost beyond the

* We do not forget Aristotle's *Mimesis*:—but etymology and general opinion are clearly against the great Stagyrte. Neither he nor Lord Bacon were, in the usual acceptation of the term, poets; and were therefore, perhaps, with all their great powers, less qualified to judge of certain processes of the mind, than inferior men who experienced them.

* 'The brain,' as Hobbes says, 'or spirit therein, having been stirred by divers objects, composeth an imagination of divers conceptions, that appeared single to the sense. As, for example, the sense sheweth at one time the figure of a mountain, and at another time the colour of gold; but the imagination afterwards hath them both at once in a "golden mountain."—[*Essay on Human Nature*.]

region. Again, in the words of Lear,
'Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious
storm

Invades us to the skin,'

and the well-known line—

'How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank:'

and in that fine expression of Timon,
'the dying duck'—where he invests the
mere planks of a vessel with all the deeds
that have been acted upon them, and
colours them with blood and death—it is
the *Imagination* which is evidently at
work:—So is it also in the case of the
'wilderness of monkeys,' where the inha-
bitants of the forest are made to stand for
the forest itself.

INDIAN REMEMBRANCES.*

"I led my friend towards the Parsee ce-
metery on the sea-shore. The Parsees
neither burn nor bury the bodies of their
dead, but expose them in two receptacles,
one for males and the other for females,
made of solid masonry, and open only
at the top for the admission of birds
of prey. Having deposited the corpse in
one of these sepulchres, through a door at
the bottom, it is left, slightly covered with
a muslin cloth, to be devoured. The
bones are then carefully collected and
buried in an urn, with certain ceremonies.
This mode of sepulture was common in
ancient times in some parts of Persia. It
excites surprise now, by its seeming bar-
barism; and that it should be practised
by such an enlightened and humane tribe
as the Parsees of Bombay, who are very
justly called the Quakers of the East, is
strange. Precept and example will, how-
ever, school the human mind to any thing;
and, therefore, we need not wonder at
strange customs, when we reflect, that
our own are considered surprising and
ridiculous in their turn.

As we were nearing the curious golgo-
tha, we beheld about forty men and wo-
men, whom we recognized as forming a
Parsee funeral procession. Amidst them
was a corpse, which we afterwards found
to be the body of a young female, on a
cot, or low bed, that served for her bier.
They all seemed to be her near relations;
and, instead of the solemn decency which
I had before observed at such ceremonies,
this exhibited hurry and secrecy: the
hour was unusually early; the lamenta-
tions were not loud; there was no beat-
ing of the breast by the women; but, in
long dresses smeared with ashes and paint,
and with dishevelled hair streaming to
the morning breeze, they were uttering
low groans and imprecations. Tears were
flowing copiously down two of the wo-
men's cheeks, and we could hear them
lament that ever they had been born, and
utter wildly-suppressed rejoicings, that
she whom they bore along was dead.
When they arrived at the receptacle, in-
stead of unlocking the door, and placing

the body on the platform with tenderness,
it was thrown, with apparent detestation,
from the parapet; and we heard the echo
of its fall with a chill of horror.

All this naturally aroused my curiosity;
and through the instrumentality of Hor-
mongee and Monagee, to the latter of
whom I promised my interest respecting
the canteen, by way of bribe for divulging
the secrets of his sect, I received the fol-
lowing particulars, which I have every
reason to believe perfectly true, and in
strict accordance with Parsee usage.

Lingee Dorabjee, a respectable trader
in jewels, had a daughter called Yamma,
whose beauty equalled the lustre of the
finest diamond. She appeared, among
the virgins of her tribe, as a gem of Gol-
conda amidst beads of glass. Her parents
saw in her, as in a flattering mirror, their
fondest wishes. They pearded her jet
black hair with many a costly transparent
row; their rubies in burning glow were
pendant from her delicate ears; their sap-
phires from her graceful nose; while ma-
ny a far-famed mine glittered on her bos-
om, sparkled on her fingers and arms,
and shed its light on her toes and ankles.
Gold and silver gave splendour to her
dress: in short, in the impassioned phrase
of Lord Byron, and perhaps with less of
poetical hyperbole—

'She was a form of life and light, w
That seen became a part of sight.'

This charming young Parsee, or Peri, was
about fourteen years old, an age at which
the female figure attains the sound per-
fection of beautiful ripeness in India. In-
deed marriage takes place generally at a
much earlier period of life; but in Yam-
ma's case, the young man to whom she
was affianced had been detained at Surat
nearly two years, by important commer-
cial affairs, in which he was deeply con-
cerned; and the expensive ceremony, on
solemnization of wedlock, had been post-
poned from time to time, in anxious ex-
pectation of his return.

Yamma's prospects were bright as the
star of Venus. In her tribe women are
treated with great consideration: they
act an important part in the public and
private concerns of their husbands, go-
unveiled, and, in point of personal free-
dom, they are under no restraint beyond
that which delicacy and the custom of
their mothers impose. The Parsee usages,
with respect to marriage, are founded
upon the happiness of domestic life, and
they provide for the preservation of puri-
ty in the fair sex so effectually, that it is
the boast of this admirable class of the
Indian community, that their wives never
prove unfaithful: nor is there an instance
of prostitution among their daughters.
Indeed their character in this respect is
so well established at Bombay, that it is
believed every aberration from virtue in
their tribe is punished with immediate
death, and the notoriety of the family dis-
grace carefully suppressed. The Parsee
laws and usages are so well framed for
the prevention of crime and the adjust-

ment of disputes, that an instance scarce-
ly ever occurs of a reference to British
justice. A Parsee can have but one wife.
If she die, her family are bound to find a
widow for the forlorn one's second mate;
for he is not allowed to marry a young
girl, as with us, in his old age; nor is he
obliged to wed again, should he be desir-
ous of preserving fidelity to his departed
half. The same rule holds if the hus-
band die: his family are bound to find a
widower, in compliance with a wish on
the subject, indicated by the lady's friends.
By this judicious arrangement, the frail-
ties of human nature are restrained, and
even converted into a public benefit. The
Parsee women receive the advantages of
education; many of them can read, write,
play on the Indian guitar, make up ac-
counts accurately; and, in some transac-
tions I have had with them, they appear-
ed very sensible and intelligent. All
public business, however, is transacted
by the men. The women do not appear
in mixed company; but in influencing
affairs, and in private negotiations, they
are powerful instruments.

Such was the lovely Yamma, and such
were the promises of hope, when it was
her fate to be rescued from imminent pe-
ril by the intrepidity of Captain S. She
had accompanied her mother, in a cover-
ed and gorgeously-decorated hackney, to
a garden-house which belonged to her fa-
ther on Colabah. They staid in the garden
rather longer than their attendants wish-
ed, pleased with its cooling fruits, neat
walks, silver streams, and shady trees.
The golden banana, glittering mangoe,
and imperial jack attracted their gaze
and touch. At length their bullocks,
in splendid housings, proud of the music
of the silver bells which played in sus-
pension from their necks, approached the
bed of the tide, which I have before de-
scribed as separating the island of Cola-
bah from Bombay. The raft was begin-
ning to ply in the lower part of the chan-
nel, but the carriage-road, along the crest
of the high rock, was practicable, though
the rising tide might be seen glittering
in streams across its black ravines. The
drivers and runners calculated that the
bullocks would cross before the tide cov-
ered the rocks, and they urged them at
full speed. A strong breeze, however,
came into Bombay harbour, with the flow
from the ocean; and before the hackery
reached the shore, the ladies saw with
terror that the devouring element was
floating them, that their footmen were
swimming and in great agitation, striving
to keep the bullocks' heads towards the
land. Alarm soon finds utterance. The
mother and daughter mingled their cries,
and wept in pity more for each other than
for themselves; but their agony was
drowned by the roar of the flood, and the
crowd at the ferry were too much absorb-
ed in their own views, and too distant,
had it been otherwise, to afford them aid.

At this awful moment Captain S—
was galloping from the fort; and, hoping
that he should be in time to cross the

* Forty Years in the World; or, Sketches and
Tales of a Soldier's Life. By the Author of Fif-
teen Years in India, &c.

rocks, he made directly for the course of the hackery, saw the life-struggle of the men, heard the piercing cry for help by the women, and plunged in to their assistance. His horse was a strong docile Arab, and Captain S being exceedingly fond of field sports, had accustomed him to swim rivers, and even the lower part of this ferry, though a quarter of a mile wide. The horse, therefore, swam as directed, to the hackery, and Captain S, having perfect confidence in his strength and steadiness, placed the daughter, who was as light as a fairy, before him; and, with the mother clinging behind, gained the shore in safety, while the hackery and bullocks were swept away by the force of the tide. The terror of the animals, preventing their effectual struggle, destroyed them; for, a moment after the perilous escape of the ladies, the hackery was upset, and the bullocks were drowned.

Many battles and dangers require a longer time in description than in action. It was just so in this case. Short, however, as the time had been, a crowd was gathering; and, not only the ladies, but all tongues were loud in thanking Captain S. for his gallant conduct. Meanwhile, he gazed on Yamma with wonder, and she on him with grateful surprise. Many of the Parsees have fair complexions, and Yamma was transparently so. Indeed, she looked, though pale with fright, and dripping with brine, so much like Venus rising from Ocean's bed, that S. pronounced her, in his own mind, the loveliest of the creation. He galloped to the fort, procured palankeens, and saw the fair Parsees conveyed home in safety.

I wish, for Captain S's sake—I wish, for the sake of a happy termination to my story—that his acquaintance with Yamma had here terminated; but I am impelled, by the laws of history, and the nature of my information, to proceed, not with the wing of fancy, but with the plume of plain matter of fact. In short, then, Captain S. used every means in his power to win the love of Yamma. He corresponded with her through the medium of fakiers, or religious mendicants and fortune-tellers. He loved her to distraction; he offered to marry her; for S. had a soul too noble to ruin the object of his adoration. She listened to the magic of his addresses, she forgot all the customs of her tribe;—she afforded her lover opportunities of seeing her: he visited her in the disguise of a Hindoo astrologer, and she agreed to leave father and mother and follow him for life. Unfortunately, they were discovered, and so promptly followed by three stout and well-armed Parsees, that S. was nearly killed in an unequal contest to preserve his prize; and poor Yamma was returned to her enraged and disgraced family.

The reader may conceive her terror and confusion—how she protested her purity and innocence—how she was disbelieved and upbraided—how S. stormed and raved—how he offered her family every reparation that an honourable man

could make, and how they spurned his terms with contempt and indignation.—He cannot, however, so easily picture what followed; for he may not have believed, or known, that such scenes occur in the world. Well, I must briefly describe it—no, I cannot dwell upon it; I will hurry over it, merely sketching the outline, and turning, with horror, even from my own faint colours.

The heads of the tribe were assembled, and an oath of secrecy having been taken, the fair Yamma was introduced, arrayed as a bride, and decorated as the daughter of the rich Jeweller, Limjee Dorabjee.—After certain ceremonies, her mother and grandmother approached her, where she sat, like a beautiful statue; and, presenting a poisoned bowl and a dagger, said, in a firm tone:—‘Take your choice’—‘Farewell, mother!—Farewell, father!—Farewell, world!’ replied the heroic Parsee daughter, taking the deadly cup;—‘Fate ordained that this should be Yamma’s marriage’—and she drained its contents! Her leaden eyes were watched till they closed in death: she was then stripped, arrayed as a corpse, and conveyed to the receptacle of the dead, as I have described.

When S. heard that Yamma was gone, and suspected that she had been murdered, according to the customs of the Parsees, the noble fabric of his brain gave way, and reason fell from her throne.—‘My horse, my horse,’ cried he; and as he patted his war-neck, the sciss saw the fire of his tear-starred eye, and trembled. Away went horse and rider—far behind ran the groom. He heard the hoof of thunder on the ground, and his master’s voice urging his spirited steed towards the foaming surf—then a loud explosion, as of breaking billows; and, on gaining the sea-shore, he saw a black point on the stormy surface of the ocean, *but he never saw the brave S. and his Arab more!*

FRENCH DISCOVERIES.

The French is certainly the most unfortunate nation in the world: it invents every thing, which the cunning rogues, the English, unmercifully, appropriate as their own. It is very well known, in France, that Leibnitz invented fluxions, not Newton; that (I forget his name) invented logarithms, and not Napier; that the vaccine was discovered by a physician at Montpellier, long before Jenner was heard of; that the Lancaster system of education was discovered by the Chevalier Paulett, before the revolution; that Lerebours invented achromatic telescopes, and not Dollond; steam-boats, too, were first invented in France, by (I forgot who;) even Sir H. Davy is contested the invention of the safety lamp: and the Technological Dictionary now in the course of publication, has a very long article to prove that Brookman and Langdon stole the secret of their pencils from a Frenchman of the name of Conti, who described it in 1803. Their proofs are of the same kind as those of the Frenchman who de-

clared himself the inventor of the kaleidoscope, and that Dr. Brewster was a cheat and an impostor. The great misfortune is, that no one ever hears of these inventions until the cunning English put them in practice: the French then think it time to put in their claims, and French vanity, at least, is satisfied. We called on a gentleman the other day who was shaving with a bad razor, so that he was obliged to put his chin into a scrape half a dozen times before he could get his beard off. We asked him why he used a bad French razor when good English ones were to be had so easily? He triumphantly exclaimed—(with the tears streaming from his eyes)—‘Because, sir, I am a Frenchman and a patriot, and I will never encourage the introduction of foreign manufactures.’

CORNISH WANDERER.

Mr. Wilson, a gentleman of Cornwall, who inherited an estate of £1000 per annum in that county, at the age of twenty-three, and in the year 1741, the year after his father’s death, set off for the Continent, on his travels. He rode on horseback, with one servant, over the greatest part of the world. He first viewed every European country, in doing which he spent eight years. He then embarked for America; was two years in the northern part, and three years more in South America; where he travelled as a Spaniard, which he was enabled to do from the facility with which he spoke the language. The climate, prospect, &c. of Peru, enchanted him so much that he hired a farm, and resided on it nearly twelve months. His next tour was to the East; he passed successively through all the territories in Africa, to the south of the Mediterranean, Egypt, Syria, and all the dominions of the Grand Seignior;—went twice through Russia, through the northern and southern provinces; over Hindoostan, and part of Siam and Pegu; and made several excursions to the boundaries of China. He afterwards, on his return, stopped at the Cape of Good Hope, and penetrated some distance into Africa; and, on his return to the Cape, he took the opportunity of a ship going to Batavia, and thence visited the most of the Islands in the great Indian Archipelago. Returning to Europe, he landed at Cadiz, and travelled over land to Moscow, in his way to Kamschatka. In 1783, he was at Moscow, healthy and vigorous, and though then in his sixty-sixth year, was preparing for a journey to Siberia.

BODY AND SOUL.

Both Body and Soul,
Live here ‘Cheek by Jowl;’
Whom nothing but death can divide:
But when he, with his dart,
Strikes a poor Body’s heart,
The Soul will no longer abide;
But upward it flies, leaves its mate in the lurch—
To the care of the Sexton, and rites of the Church!

VARIETY.

ANTIQUITIES.

Palermo, May 16, 1825.—Some workmen, employed in making a new road without the walls of the city of Syracuse, as they were digging in the Isthmus of Ortygia, next to Acradina, on the spot often mentioned by Cicero in his orations against Verres, by the name of Forum Maximum, Pulcherrimæ Portus, &c. &c. found two male statues, habited in the toga and pallium; they are of Parian marble, and of one piece. The first is six palms from the shoulder to the edge of the garment, the other rather more than three palms from the neck to the thighs. The heads, feet, and hands are wanting. They are of Greek workmanship, and worthy of the best age of the arts.

At the same place a torso was found, which, measuring only three palms, must have belonged to a smaller figure. They have been placed in the museum at Syracuse.

EARTHQUAKE.

Algiers and the adjacent country have been visited by an alarming earthquake; the shocks of which continued to be felt for several days. The town of Belida is said to be utterly swallowed up; and one half of its inhabitants, about 6000 in number, perished.

From the London Literary Gazette.

ANTIQUITIES.

"Sundry old gentlemen, who fought a battle just half a century ago, among whom was La Fayette, have been amusing themselves by laying the foundation of a monument on Bunker's Hill, to preserve the memory of their exploits, lest they should forget them."

AN ODD COMPARISON.

An eccentric old man was walking with a young friend who had recently met with a tender disappointment, and was using every endeavour to console him under his misfortune, or, at least, to rouse him from the despondency which it had thrown over his mind. All his efforts, however, failed of success; and the disconsolate lover walked by his side in dejected silence, neither amused by the bustle of the streets through which they passed, nor by the lively sallies of his companion. At length their progress was impeded by a crowd, through which they, with difficulty, made their way. The object of general attention was a poor boy, who was crying bitterly. He had, it appeared, been sent to bring a large tart from the baker's, but in crossing the street with imprudent haste, he had let the dish fall from his hand; and whilst he was bewailing his misfortune, the broken pieces of his dainty load were rapidly disappearing among the compassionate group around him. The old man looked on with an air of grave humour; then turning to his friend, said, with a half-serious smile—

"See, Tom! this is precisely your case. Be warned, I entreat you, by the example of this foolish boy, and keep your own counsel. Never let it be known that your heart has been broken by a faithless woman, or, depend upon it, you will have the whole sex gather round you, affecting to offer consolation, but, in reality, only trying if they cannot pick up some of the fragments."

A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.

Dr. Parr, who, it is well known, was not very partial to the *'thea linensis,'* although lauded so warmly by a French writer as *'nostris gratissima musis,'* being invited to take tea by a lady, with true classic wit and refined gallantry uttered the following delicate compliment—*'Non possum tea cum vivere, nec sine te.'*

TRUTH—VERSUS—POLITENESS.

At a tea-party, where some Cantabs happened to be present, after the dish had been handed round the lady who was presiding over the tea equipage 'hoped the tea was good.' 'Very good indeed, madam,' was the general reply, till it came to the turn of one of the Cantabs to speak, who, between truth and politeness, shrewdly observed—'That the tea was excellent, but the water was smoky.'

I TAKES 'EM AS THEY COME.

A Cantab, one day observing a ragga-muffin-looking boy scratching his head at the door of Alderman Purchase, in Cambridge, where he was begging, and thinking to pass a joke upon him, said, 'So, Jack, you are picking them out, are you?' 'Nah, sar,' retorted the urchin, 'I takes 'em as they come!'

Suffocation of Two Hundred French Prisoners.

To give a suitable eclat to the sacre of Charles X., six hundred prisoners were sent from Paris to Rheims in iron cages, to be set at liberty the moment the king was enthroned. By the neglect of proper precautions, two hundred of them were suffocated, and died before they reached Rheims, when, shocking to relate, their bodies were thrown to the road side unburied, a prey to animals, and a shocking monument of French want of feeling; it is said, but we do not pledge ourselves for the fact, that the king himself expressed little or no concern on being informed of the melancholy fate of so many captives. No friend of humanity will, surely, consider the interest such a circumstance naturally must inspire, at all lessened, on being informed that these poor victims were so many—sparrows.

IMPROMPTU.

Friend Richard drunk, or sober, is
A very different fellow;
When sober, he's a cautious quizz,
A pleasant chap when mellow.

You ask me which 'I should prefer?'
Depends upon the end;
Sober—if for a servant, sir;
But, Drunk—if for a friend.

EDMUND SPENCER.

The following character of the poet Spencer is taken from the last number of the Edinburgh Review.

SPENCER was steeped in romance. He was the prince of magicians, and held the keys which unlocked enchanted doors.—All the fantastic illusions of the brain belonged to him—the dreamer's secret, the madman's visions, the poet's golden hopes. He threw a rainbow across the heaven of poetry at a time when all seemed dark and unpromising. He was the very genius of personification: and yet, his imagination was less exerted than his fancy. His spirit was idle, dreaming, and voluptuous. He seems as though he had slumbered through summer evenings, in caves or forest, by Mulla's stream, or the murmuring ocean. Giants and dwarfs, fairies and knights, and queens, rose up at the waving of his charming rod. There was no meagerness in his fancy, no poverty in his details. His invention was without limit. He drew up shape after shape, scene after scene, castle and lake, woods and caverns, monstrous anomalies and beautiful impossibilities, from the unfathomable depths of his mind. There is a prodigality and consciousness of wealth about his creations, which remind one of the dash and sweep of Rubens' pencil; but in other respects his genius differed materially from that of the celebrated Fleming. In colouring they are somewhat alike, and in the 'Masque of Cupid' some of the figures even claim an affinity to the artist's shapes. But, generally speaking, Spencer was more ethereal and refined. Rubens was a decided painter of flesh and blood. He belonged to earth, and should never have aspired to heaven. His men were, indeed, sometimes chivalrous and intellectual, (his beasts were grand and matchless!) but his women were essentially of clay, and of a very homely fashion. Spencer sketched with more precision, and infinitely more delicacy. He had not the flash and fever of colouring which lighted up the productions of the other; but his genius was more spiritualized, his fancy traversed a loftier eminence, and loved to wander in remoter haunts. The brain of the one was like an ocean, casting up at a single effort the most common and extraordinary shapes; while the poet had a wilderness of fancy, from whose silent glades and haunted depths stole forth the airiest fictions of romance. The nymphs of Spencer are decidedly different from those of the painter; and his sylphs have neither the hideous looks of Poussin's carnal satyrs, nor that vinous spirit which flushes and gives life to the reeling Bacchanals of Rubens.

EPIGRAM.

Praise of a Lady's grey hair.

Tho' age has changed thee—late so fair,
I love thee ne'er the worse;
For when he took thy golden hair,
He fill'd with gold thy purse.

ORIGINAL TALE.

For the American Athenæum.

MISANTHROPY.—A TALE.

THE last beams of an October sun had just sunk behind a lofty peak of the blue ridge; opposite rose the moon, a full, round orb, like a ball of pure fire. The mild air and gentle breeze of the evening were calling forth many to enjoy them, and amongst the rest an old man and his son, who, slowly wending their way through the village, proceeded to the church-yard. 'Here is your uncle's grave,' said the father, as they together seated themselves upon the turf which formed its little hillock. 'Observe the wind, as it quietly sweeps through the long grass, produces a short and quick undulation, as though it were a lake of emerald: Alas! as varying as are those ripples, as uncertain as are the breezes, so are the dreams of our youth, even so are the prospects of maturity.' He sighed as he spoke, and drawing nearer to his son, began:

'Your uncle was, what the world calls, a Misanthrope. What had made him so none could devise, not even his nearest connections. In his youth he was the gayest of the gay, and women he adored. He left his native village to seek for wealth and consequence in the world—he was gone many years, and when he returned none knew him; his locks were gray and his cheeks wasted; his spirit was broken, and he communed not with his race; forty winters had scarce passed over him; he was rich in gold, but too poor at heart. He sought his residence far away from any habitation, but he most particularly avoided women—their sight was to him like the stare of the basilisk. He was asked for his wife—where was she? a wave had washed her from the ship's deck as they were together crossing the Adriatic gulf, in the midst of a tempest.

'The sea-mew did scream as the blast swept the wave;

'And the waters heaved high o'er her em'rald grave.'

'He continued thus to live, shunning and shunned by man, until about a month ago, when I was summoned to his dwelling. He tenanted a rude hovel, unfit for the residence of any but such as he: I entered his chamber, he lay extended on a blanket, on the floor, for he had become penurious too. He started as I entered, and raising his attenuated frame on his elbow, stared wildly at me, I shuddered, yet knew not why, but I feared to look upon him, for death was in his face.

'I am glad you have come,' he said, 'I feel that my hours are numbered—be seated: I have chosen you, my nearest relative, as one to whom age, and a virtuous life, have given a title to see me die, and hear my last words. You are my brother—the tears gushed from his eyes, and we were clasped in each others embrace: he soon recovered himself, and resumed)—I have chosen you as the confessor to whom

I shall reveal all the secrets of my overgrown iniquity; prepare yourself now to hear all that guilt and shame which has broken my heart, which has made me hate man and society, which has sent me to die alone, neglected, and feared, where I might have been happy—but what avails it, the die is cast, the bond is signed, and fate is its attestor I am—Oh, God forgive me—I am a murderer.'

'He sunk breathless on his pillow. In the horror and confusion of the moment, I called for help, but in vain, there came none, no living being was near; he, however, soon recovered—his eyes opened slowly, and when he looked upon me, a short gleam of satisfaction passed over his features, and then again all was dark and gloomy as it had ever been; he soon composed himself and resumed:

'You know my crime, listen now to its history and its aggravations. The younger days of my life I shall pass by—you are well acquainted with them. I left my home for foreign parts. O! that I had never quitted my peaceful retirement, then had not the judgment of heaven now sat heavy upon me. In London I became enamoured of a beautiful girl, innocent as the morning, and beautiful as the violet untouched by the sun. Poor Martha, she is gone; she who would have been an angel to me is dead, and why am I here? But we shall soon meet. Ah! shall we?—no, no, she is in heaven, and hell has no pit deep enough to screen my crimes. I married her; our first moon had not passed before I was called by my affairs to quit England. She followed me. Venice was my destination, and we arrived in safety. Fortune prospered, and I saw my stores accumulated—yet was I insatiable, and contented in nothing but my love, I sought every means of increasing my wealth.

'We had lived two years in Venice, when I was called to quit my Martha and my home, though but for a short time.—A commercial house of eminence, with which I had entrusted my affairs in Florence, had become embarrassed; my presence was requisite in the settlements of the concerns, yet I did not expect to be detained for more than a month. Florence is a gay place; the most dissipated in all Italy; to it I owe my ruin. Being detained there longer than I had at first anticipated, I formed connections with some of the first young men of the place, and we frequently formed parties of pleasure. One evening, being in company with some of these, I, after much persuasion, consented to visit with them one of those harems of pleasure, with which the city abounds. In visiting the place I had no other motive than curiosity; but, Oh, how did that fatal night embitter all my succeeding ones.—From that moment I have been like Cain, an outcast and a vagabond, marked by heaven for vengeance.

'We were ushered into an apartment, vying in luxury of embellishment with the most costly palace. The company was select and noble, but I heeded it not. I

had scarcely entered before, casting my eyes around me, I observed, in a retired corner of the room, one of the most perfect beings imagination could rest upon, she appeared sad and sorrowful; dark ringlets overhung her high forehead, and the curved arches of her eyebrows would have been thought perfectly beautiful, but, that the eyes that beamed beneath them attracted all attention, black as sloes and sparkling with animation when her soul kindled into them. I saw her and was lost. Martha was forgotten—home, love, plighted faith, all, all, were thrown down at the shrine of this captivator.—I advanced to her, and would have spoken, but my tongue refused its office, my heart burned, my soul was on fire; I gazed at her till my starting eyes swam in delirium. She spoke, and the charm was broken for the moment, she beckoned me to her—seated by her side I gave myself up to the enjoyment of her conversation until I forgot where I was; the time, the place, were equally unthought of. My companions had observed the effect of the beautiful Italian upon me, and hurried me from her presence.

'Let me not dwell on the progress of our attachment—night succeeded night, day hurried after day, and yet found me in Florence. It was already three months since I had left Venice, and there was Martha alone, but not forgotten, for now I dreaded her presence—shame as well as love kept me back. At length it could be delayed no longer—but think you we parted—no, she followed me, we went to Venice together, and I began to hate my wife, because I feared her; but I had learned to dissemble, and met her as though I was pure and taintless. I lied and she believed, and with all her tenderness I wished her dead, for I was constrained to keep up appearances and prevent her suspecting my infidelity. These produced a corresponding effect upon the young Italian, who began to entertain a jealousy of me, thinking I would return to my fidelity to Martha: in order to prevent this she inflamed me against her by every means within her compass, and succeeded in rendering my wife an object of perfect detestation.

'We used frequently to amuse ourselves by sailing out on the Adriatic, and landing on some one of its numerous Islands, take our meal under the shade of the beautiful trees with which they are decked. In one of these excursions, the beautiful Italian accompanied me, dressed as a minstrel, and whiling away the hours with the most perfect harmony from her harp. She accompanied it with her voice too, and then was her conquest over me perfect.

'On our return the sky blackened, and the swelling waves bespoke an approaching tempest. Martha shuddered as the thunder broke over us, and every gleam of lightning made her shrink closer within herself: the commotion became terrible, even the helmsman trembled as the surges beat over him: the Italian

alone was calm, and as the wind rushed by us, sent her voice with it in powerful strains of vocal melody. I stood by her, and Martha clung close to my side; as she hung closer upon me, the Italian began to be roused to anger—I felt the power she was exercising over me. Doubly high swelled the sea, and seizing my arm, she whispered me, *'throw her to the waves.'* My blood froze in my veins at the thought: I was horror-struck, but the Italian looked at me proudly—*'never do we meet again.'* I knew not what I did—I seized Martha by the waist and plunged her into the element. No eye but the Italian's saw me—fear had possessed them all. The deed was done. Then I howled as the waves closed over her body. I called for help, but it was too late—she was no more.

"He fell back, in my arms, exhausted. His eyes glared dreadfully, for death was upon him. Have you never heard the last groan of an agonized conscience?—have you never felt the last quivering of the pulse as the breath was flitting?—have you ever seen the last ghastly smile hang ^{he} ^{use} ^{ing} over the lip as eternity was making its last grasp at the soul? O, then, you have never seen the death-bed of a misanthrope

R.

TRAVELS.

For the American Athenæum.

NOTES ON LISBON.—No. I.

BY A TRAVELLER.

AFTER a passage of — days, in which I suffered much from sea-sickness, I was one morning, about 5 o'clock, aroused by the cry of land. On reaching the deck, I found the rock of Lisbon in full view at the distance of ten leagues. This rock is situated in the latitude of 38° 45' north. On its top is a convent, which is usually called the Cork convent by the English. The reason of this is that every part of the building is covered with cork, in consequence of the extreme humidity of the place, and the dampness of the walls. As cork grows in abundance in the neighbourhood, the material is easily supplied.

About 1 o'clock, P. M. a Portuguese boat came along side with a pilot, and shortly after, a number of other boats hove in sight, and our deck was soon crowded with Portuguese fishermen. The appearance of these men was singularly novel to us, and their conduct drew forth many smiles. They all talked at once, using the most vehement and impassioned gestures.

We continued our course along the coast towards the entrance of the Tagus, followed by the boats, in which several of our passengers had embarked, in the hope of reaching the shore before us. In this they were grievously disappointed. A fine breeze had sprung up, filled our sails, and sent us far ahead of them.

As we passed up the river, we saw a number of villages, on the left shore, the names of which I did not learn. About 12 miles below Lisbon, stands Fort St.

Julian. This castle is an irregular Pentagon, and is founded on the solid rock, the base of which is washed by the sea. It is planted with between two and three hundred large brass pieces of cannon, one of which was said to be 18 feet long. Opposite to the castle is a fort built on an island, which assists in defending the mouth of the Tagus. Near the fort we saw some troops collected on parade. Their appearance was martial, and the music, borne on the breeze and distinctly heard, had a fine enlivening effect.

The natural scenery along the shores of the Tagus, especially on the left side, is very delightful and romantic. It seemed to me, at the time, to surpass that of the Hudson. There was a constant succession of hill and vale, here enlivened with the freshest green, there sombered by the dark brow of the variegated foliage.

We finally cast anchor opposite to Belem Castle, said to have been built by the Romans. After waiting three hours, we were visited by the health officer, who, after a short conversation with our Captain, granted us all permission to go ashore. Of this permission we gladly availed ourselves without loss of time.

On landing we were conducted to an office, at which we delivered up our passports received from the Portuguese consul at home, and after paying seventy-five cents as fees, we were permitted to go at large.

While at this office, a circumstance occurred which I cannot pass over. It must seem ludicrous to an American—on the ceiling of the office were painted the arms of the King of Portugal. Not advertent to the circumstance, or to say better, ignorant of the rules of homage prescribed in such cases, several of our party kept on their hats. This was considered a most unpardonable offence, and one of the officers, in a most boisterous and passionate tone, complained of the grievous outrage. "Do you think (addressing himself to one of us) that you are in a tavern, that you keep on your hats?—have you no respect for the arms of his majesty?"—Till this salutation assailed my ears, I had not recollected that I was no longer in the land of liberty, but on a soil over which tyranny and superstition held absolute sway.

From the castle we were conveyed in a boat to the city, and instantly set about procuring lodgings, in which we succeeded after some difficulty.

It being Christmas, we determined to see high mass celebrated; accordingly, about eleven, we set out for the church of St. Domingo. On our way thither we met a person lying dead in the streets, apparently assassinated; so we conjectured at the time, and the next day our suspicions were horribly confirmed; we learned that two persons had been murdered that evening. Assassinations are not by any means as frequent in this city as formerly, not that the Portuguese have lost their somewhat ferocious disposition, but within the last eight or ten years the po-

lice, although still very imperfect, has been much improved.

About 12 P. M. we arrived at the church, which we found already filled—we got up to the altar, and after standing there some time, were shown up to the orchestra. In this situation we enjoyed a full view of the audience; and the sight was calculated to inspire sensations very nearly allied to the sublime. The church is one of the largest in the city, and capable of containing five thousand persons. There are no seats in this, or any other church in Lisbon. During the ceremony the whole of the audience were kneeling, excepting those near the altar. The splendour of the church, its ornaments rich and profuse, it is impossible for me to describe. As regards the ceremony, however magnificent it appeared, it did not realize my expectations—to this, the want of solemnity in the music contributed not a little. The most lively airs of a profane character were playing on the organ during the whole performance.

In descending from the orchestra, we found a case containing a number of huge folios, one of which, as they all had an air of great antiquity, we had the curiosity to examine. It was printed in Latin, and over each syllable was marked a musical note. We concluded that they were chanting books. As we were leaving the church an unpleasant circumstance occurred, which, in any other situation, might have led to unpleasant and serious consequences—one of our party suddenly received a blow on the head from some person behind him, the cause of which we found to be, his having put on his hat before leaving the church entirely. Such heretical profanity was thought worthy of punishment by Catholic orthodoxy. From this specimen we were led to form no very high estimate of the politeness of the common Portuguese.

The next morning, about 9 o'clock, I went to a coffee-house, and got my breakfast. To an American, this may sound strange, but in this city nothing is more common. In Lisbon there are very few boarding houses such as we have in America. You have to obtain your lodgings and your meals at different places. At most of the houses where you lodge, you may have breakfast, but never dinner.—For lodging and meals it costs \$2 25 cts. per diem. The coffee-houses here are also different from those in our country; they take no lodgers and give no dinners; they are appropriated entirely to the selling of coffee, chocolate, &c. After dinner it is very fashionable to take a cup of coffee at one of these houses.

Visited to-day the church of the Martyrs, and that of Loretto—both are very splendid, covered with ornament, and containing a great number of paintings.—The latter was built by the Pope's nuncio, and has been much celebrated for its architecture. It has an air of more lightness than the former. All the churches in this place lost much of their magnificence from the spoliations of the French.

THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 15, 1825.

We commence this week the publication of some notes on the city of Lisbon, taken on the spot a few years since, by a highly intelligent and well-informed traveller during his stay in that city. Those of our readers who will look for the attempts at shallow wit and morbid sensibility which so peculiarly characterise *our own* travellers at the present day, will be sadly disappointed; but in their stead they will have correct and useful information relating to a highly interesting portion of Europe, interspersed with occasional reflection indicative of a well disciplined and richly cultivated mind.

DUGALD STEWART.

It gives us no little pleasure to perceive, in one of the National Gazettes, that Dr. Tidyman, with a liberality which reflects the highest credit on his own character, as well as that of our common country, has purchased an original portrait of this enlightened and amiable philosopher, painted by the late celebrated artist, Sir Henry Ruben. He paid five hundred dollars for it, and presented it to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

At the same time, not unmindful of his native state, he has caused a copy of it to be taken by Mr. Sully, for the Academy of Arts in Charleston. Mr. Walsh, after some very pertinent remarks on the deserved popularity of Professor Stewart's writings, especially in this country, treats his readers with a few extracts from letters written by Mrs. S. and her husband, which we are extremely happy to observe, breathe the most kindly sentiments in our behalf, and indulge in flattering anticipations of our future greatness.—The partiality of such a mind for our institutions, is worth all the malignity and futile hostility so systematically cherished by the hireling minions of the Holy Alliance. The following is an extract from the letter of Mrs. Stewart. Speaking of the picture, she says, "We are reproached for letting it go to America; but, in truth, it can no where be better bestowed. Besides, regard for the friendship of the individual to whom it goes, America herself has, from Mr. Stewart's earliest years, possessed his deepest interest and anxious affection. None of her own sons can rejoice more sincerely in her prosperity, and it would be strange indeed if he were not highly gratified with the attention which his works have received in that country."

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.

MR. CONWAY.—This gentleman having completed his engagement, which, we may remark by the way, has been an extremely satisfactory one to all parties concerned, we think it will not be amiss to make a few remarks on his general merit as an actor. The crowded audiences which have attended the theatre, almost every night of his appearance, and the continued applause with which he has been greeted, are unequivocal tests of the high estimation in which he is held. We regard this favourable opinion on the part of the public as the more flattering to Mr. Conway, because his acting is entirely different from that of Kean, whose unrivalled genius had drawn forth such general, and even rapturous admiration.—

The approbation bestowed on both, while it evinces a flattering share of impartial discrimination in the public mind, between the respective lines of acting of the two, adds no little value to the applause bestowed on the former gentleman. We are far from pretending to say that Mr. Conway has the fire or the genius of Kean, but we are free to assert he is undoubtedly a more chaste and accomplished actor. What he fails to effect by the striking and irresistible impulse of those powers which Kean knows so well how to concentrate, on individual points he frequently attains by his more faultless delineation of the *tout ensemble* of a character. And if Kean excite more lively enthusiasm, and strike deeper into the sympathies of his audience, the effect is perhaps more transient, and, like all powerful emotions, quickly subsides. The representation of Conway, on the other hand, chaste and studied to an extreme, produces an equable and moderate impression of delight, which is the more lasting as it is the less violent, and will more easily bear the test of subsequent analysis. Anxious to improve, he does not presume on powers which he does not possess, but is constantly employed in perfecting and extending those which he has. No ranting, no tearing passion to very rags, no ringing the welkin with his trumpet-tongued voice, disgraces the acting of this judicious and excellent performer. He has Nature in his eye, and no artificial standard of excellence, nor love of singularity, ever makes him swerve from the path which she has traced out for him in her lessons. To be convinced of the truth of these remarks, it is only necessary to witness his performance of such characters as Hamlet, Macbeth, and Cato. In these parts, which are familiar to us all, it is easy to institute comparisons between the several candidates for precedence, and we are perhaps but echoing the general opinion, when we assert, that Conway is as perfect a representation of these characters, according to the conception of the poet, as any one who has ever appeared on our boards, inferior to one only in a few solitary points. His first appearance was in the Stranger, a character peculiarly suited to the display of his peculiar excellence, nor did he fail to avail himself of his advantage. The settled grief of the bereaved and betrayed husband, his despondency, and recklessness of all human ties and sympathies, his assumed coldness towards his repenting wife on his first meeting with her, and his subsequent yielding to the love that still dwelt, in all its strength, about his heart, at the sight of their common offspring, were all portrayed in the countenance and manner of Mr. Conway, with striking truth and a masterly show of power. The story of his wrongs was recounted to his friend with a pathos that brought them to every one's feelings; and in the scene with his wife, more especially, the sympathy that was enkindled, in more than one manly bosom present, bore ample and irresistible testimony to the powers of the actor.

OPERAS.—Tuesday and Friday evenings are devoted to the representation of Operas, when a double orchestra, and the best singers that can be procured, will afford delight to the lovers of music. We are much pleased with this arrangement, and hope it may succeed in attaining its intended object, of diffusing a more general taste for good singing. As yet there has been little opportunity of testing the experiment. Miss Kelly is the only first rate singer on the stage, and there is no fe-

male second rate to assist her. Mr. Richings has improved, but wants more disciplining yet.

CHATHAM THEATRE.

SEPT. 12.—*Mountaineers*, and *Tribulation*.—These pieces, both interesting, attracted a good house, and were represented with much success. Mr. Wallack's Octavian is a very excellent performance; we think, however, he could add something to the interest of his part by an alteration of his dress. We cannot suppose a man who has lived a year in a secluded forest, and has even become wild and deranged, would have the appearance of having received the attention of a barber. But setting this aside, we think very highly of Mr. W's merits.

Mr. Scott was rather tempestuous in some instances; it is not always a powerful tone of voice that is best calculated to rouse the feelings, or excite admiration. We think Mr. Stevenson has improved much of late—his Ganem, though not an important character, was well personated.—Lope Tocho afforded more facilities for the comic actor, and was well supported by Mr. Simpson, who, we think, adds much to the amusement of the audience in general. We had the pleasure of witnessing the chaste and correct performance of Mrs. Hughes, and we only wish that she would afford us that pleasure oftener than she does.—Mrs. Waring and Mrs. Burke were not less deserving than usual. We shall take another opportunity of witnessing the new piece called *Tribulation*.

It will be perceived by the bills that an Opera, by Samuel Woodworth, Esq. will shortly be produced. This theatre is in want of some novelties, and we are promised to have them.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A GRAMMAR OF ASTRONOMY, with Problems on the Globes: To which are added, a glossary of terms, and questions for examination: designed for the use of schools and academies. By I. FOWLE. New-York. Gray and Bunce, 59 Fulton-street. 1825. pp. 174.

The day has long since gone by when we depended, even for our elementary books of instruction, on the labours of foreign writers. In every branch of education we are now supplied with our home productions, adapted more especially to our immediate wants, and the peculiar condition of our country. It would be indeed a reproach on our national character, if we still allowed the minds of our rising youth to be framed and moulded by the plastic hand of foreign teachers, whose associations and prejudices are necessarily so different from those which we should wish to see disseminated amongst ourselves in early life, and which alone can render us fit citizens of a free and popular government.

The little manual now before us is an honourable specimen of the industry and knowledge of Mr. Fowle, whose ample opportunities, as a teacher of youth, have enabled him to adopt the method most likely to facilitate instruction both on the part of the instructor in communicating, and on the part of the pupil in receiving it. The work is divided into twenty-four chapters, in the first of which is a concise and neatly-written history of the science. The others relate to the most interesting subjects in the science, as the solar system, the comets, the fixed stars, eclipses, tides, winds, climates, the Aurora Borealis, the Galaxy time. The latter part of the book is devoted to a large number of problems in which the knowledge unfolded by the preliminary parts is fully illustrated for the use of the learner. Six plates accompany the work which are very neatly done. After a deliberate review of this grammar of Astronomy, we feel warranted in recommending it to the favourable attention of parents and instructors.